

Rattled Along in the Women's Van with the  
Prisoners for Blackwell's Island.

Possible Innocence and Hardened Guilt Crowded Close  
Together in Gloomy Black Maria.

"Better not, Meg," said a nasty, dirty-

4P



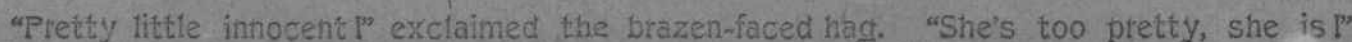
This seemed to reassure her. But she suddenly burst out again. "But I am disgraced forever, even if I am set free." The wagon stopped with a start.

Then there was the rattle of keys, sound as of the swinging of a heavy gate back, and the wagon began to move.

It stopped at a small wooden step.

The door was open. I was out in the sunlight once more. We were in the Tomb's prison yard. One by one the prisoners were led away by the keeper and given in charge of the Tomb's matron, and the new arrivals' sobs and wails and sobs of the first girl were only to be heard faintly in the distance.

IN THE BLACK MARIA.



She Married One New Man and Another One Is  
Their Close Friend.

The Husband Cooks, the Wife Is Athletic, While the Friend  
Makes Pretty Bonnets on Long Island.

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of exlate. Peconic.  
KATE MASTERSON.